POE
CORN

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Poems. Poetry. Songs. Short Stories.

By DeeStory

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Chapter 1

Death By Love

What happens to love when it dies away?

Does it go to heaven or hell today?

What happens to love when it fades away?

Does it flow in the air or just good fate?

Always on top when your with your love you feel like it nothing but your hurting inside you wanna yell but dare not hide the hate the fear the deadness inside.

So how will you react when he's with another girl will you scream or yell 'go to hell' or flirt with other guys to get his attention or talk to him in stride and look way too guilty?

Did he breakup with you and tell you 'we need space'?

Or did he come out and say it?

Did you break up with him just to get away tell him you love him but you wanna see some one else but there was no one else now your sitting there thinking: 'where did it go wrong?'

Should I write a new verse listen to a new song all i know is the love has died it went to heaven with your oh so shameful pride...

Chapter 2

After your gone(my poem)

I think I found you but I lost you in a flash.

You were gone why do I feel this way in my heart I wanted you to stay but with the magic he has over me and you when it was time to go to tell you the truth I wasn't surprised but I was when you stepped away what was I to say?

Was I supposed to yell at the great and the sky above risk my life like Juliet in love cross the seas to save those in need bite the apple of peace and harmony to kill the good in all between where did you go what kind of question is that?

I know where you went when it ended the day did you mean to leave oh hell no I don’t blame you it was your time to go when it’s my time I’ll see you there and after your gone for the years ahead will I fall in love again maybe but when it’s my time and were side by side I will know the love that I dare not hide the love we shared before you went away the love we shared in that bed that day the love we shared when you kissed me in the rain the love we shared when you were in pain the love we shared after you said goodbye the love we share now while were side by side.

Chapter 3

What Happen After The Party Led To Your Death…

What did he do to you last night after you left the party?

Did he yell, scream or act real naughty?

Did he throw you down again make you hit your head or did he do it himself this time?

Do you still hear the banging in your head when you're lying in bed?

Did he force you to have sex or tell you he loved you and do it again?

I know you love him but this has to stop you were once my girl we were like sisters almost then you get

with him and you're like a ghost. Only this time you are a ghost I'm sitting here right now talking to a tomb stone I wish I could have saved you before he took that last swing or at least stopped him before he took that first drink.

Now your both gone and what am I?

I'm still here talking to a tomb stone ... I must go now but before I do I will never ever forget you the way you laughed at completely nothing the way you smiled when you saw a puppy and the way you talked about your future I would have though you would be a big producer that's what you said when I first met you, you were always looking towards the future.

But really now I have to go cause sitting here talking to a tomb stone isn't gonna bring you back to the life you had before that first smack.

Before that first hit.

Before that first bump.

Before that first excuse.

Before your final rest.

Chapter 4

One Dollar And Eleven Cents [A Story of Hope]

A little girl went to her bedroom and pulled a glass jelly jar from its hiding place in the closet.

She poured the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. Three times, even. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes.

Carefully placing the coins back in the jar and twisting on the cap, she

slipped out the back door and made her way 6 blocks to Rexall's Drug Store with the big red Indian Chief sign above the door.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her some attention, but he was too busy at this moment.

Tess twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. Nothing.. She cleared her throat with the most disgusting sound she could muster. No good Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!

'And what do you want?' the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice.. I'm talking to my brother from Chicago whom I haven't se en in ages,' he said without waiting for a reply to his question.

'Well, I want to talk to you about my brother,' Tess answered back in the same annoyed tone.. 'He's really, really sick ..... and I want to buy a miracle.'

'I beg your pardon?' said the pharmacist.

'His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head and my Daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much does a miracle cost?'

'We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry but I can't help you,' the pharmacist said, softening a little.

'Listen, I have the money to pay for it. I f it isn't enough, I will get the rest. Just tell me how much it costs..'

The pharmacist's brother was a well dressed man He stooped down and

asked the little girl, 'What kind of a miracle does your brother need?'

'I don't know,' Tess replied with her eyes welling up. I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation... But my Daddy can't pay for it, so I want to use my money.'

'How much do you have?' asked the man from Chicago

'One dollar and eleven cents,' Tess answered barely audibly

'And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to..'

'Well, what a coincidence,' smiled the man. 'A dollar and eleven cents---the exact price of a miracle for little brothers. '

He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and

said 'Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the miracle you need.'

That well dressed man was Dr Carlton Armstrong, a surgeon, specializing in neuro-surgery.. The operation was completed free of charge and it wasn't long until Andrew was home again and doing well.

Mom and Dad were happ ily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place..

'That surgery,' her Mom whispered. 'was a real miracle. I wonder how

much it would have cost?'

Tess smiled. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost..one dollar and eleven cents.....plus the faith of a little child.

Chapter 5

A Nail To The Soul [A Short Story]

[A/N]: Make Sure You Read All The Way Down To The Last Sentence.

(Most importantly the last sentence)

**

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His Father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence.

The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered

daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence. Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all.

He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper.

The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, 'You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one You can put a knife in a man and draw it out.. But It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wound will still be there...

A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one.

Chapter 6

A Love Story of Edna and Ralph

The love story of Ralph and Edna...

Just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to, doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have. Ralph and Edna were both patients in a mental hospital. One day while they were walking past the hospital swimming pool. Ralph suddenly jumped into the deep end.

He sank to the bottom of the pool and stayed there.

Edna promptly jumped in to save him. She swam to the bottom and pulled him out. When the Head Nurse Director became aware of Edna's heroic act she immediately ordered her to be discharged from

the hospital, as she now considered her to be mentally stable.

When she went to tell Edna the news she said, 'Edna, I have good news and bad news. The good news is you're being discharged, since you were able to rationally respond to a crisis by jumping in and saving the life of the person you love. I have concluded that your act displays sound mindedness.

The bad news is, Ralph hung himself in the bathroom with his bathrobe belt right after you saved him. I am so sorry, but he's dead.'

Edna replied, 'He didn't hang himself, I put him there to dry. How soon can I go home?'

Chapter 7

Did You Know HE Always Watches [Short Story]

I Am a 'Kept' Woman?

You see, there were a few times when I thought I would lose my mind,

But GOD kept me sane. (Isa. 26:3)

There were times when I thought I could go no longer,

But the LORD kept me moving. (Gen 28:15)

At times, I've wanted to lash out at those whom I felt had done me wrong,

But the LORD kept my mouth shut. (Psa. 13)

Sometimes, I think the money just isn't enough,

But GOD has helped me to keep the lights on, the water on, the car paid, the house paid, etc.., (Matt. 6:25 -34)

When I thought I would fall, HE kept me up.

When I thought I was weak, HE kept me strong! (I Pet. 5:7, Matt. 11:28-30)

I could go on and on and on, but I'm sure you hear me!

I'm blessed to be 'kept.'

Are you...or do you know a 'kept' woman ?

If so pass it on to her to let them know they are 'Kept'

Have A Good Day Love.

Chapter 8

Concentrate On This Sentence [Short Story]

Concentrate on this Sentence

"To get something you never had, you have to do something you never did."

When God takes something from your grasp, He's not punishing you, but merely opening your hands to receive something better.

Concentrate on this sentence...

"The will of God will never take you where the Grace of God will not protect you."

Something good will happen to you today; something that you have been waiting to hear...

*

What Do You Think This Means?

Chapter 9

Breakfast Only Mc.Donalds

This Is A Good Story And True Please Read All The Way To The End. (After the story, there are some very interesting facts!):

**

I am a mother of three (ages 14, 12, 3) and have recently completed my

college degree.

The last class I had to take was Sociology.

The teacher was absolutely inspiring with the qualities that I wish

every

human being had been graced with.

Her last project of the term was called, "Smile."

The class was asked to go out and smile at three people and document

their

reactions.

I am a very friendly person and always smil e at everyone and say hello

anyway. So, I thought this would be a piece of cake,

literally.

Soon after we were assigned the project, my husband, youngest son, and

I

went out to McDonald's one crisp March morning.

It was just our way of sharing special playtime with our son.

We were standing in line, waiting to be served, when all of a sudden

everyone around us began to back away, and then even my husband did.

I did not move an inch... an overwhelming feeling of panic welled up

inside of me as I turned to see why they had moved.

As I turned around I smelled a horrible "dirty body" smell, and there

standing behind me were two poor homeless men.

As I looked down at the short gentleman, close to me, he was "smiling".

His beautiful sky blue eyes were full of God's Light as he searched for

acceptance..

He said, "Good day" as he counted the few coins he had been clutching.

The second man fumbled with his hands as he stoo d behind his friend. I

realized the second man was mentally challenged and the blue-eyed

gentleman was his salvation.

As I held my tears as I stood there with them.

The young lady at the counter asked him what they wanted.

He said, "Coffee is all Miss" because that was all they could afford.

(If

they wanted to sit in the restaurant and warm up, they had to buy

something. He just wanted to be warm).

Then I really felt it - the compulsion was so great I almost reached

out

and embraced the little man with the blue eyes.

That is when I noticed all eyes in the restaurant were set on me,

judging

my every action.

I smiled and asked the young lady behind the counter to give me two

breakfast meals on a se parate tray.

I then walked around the corner to the table that the men had chosen as

a

resting spot. I put the tray on the table and laid my hand on the

blue-eyed gentleman's cold hand.

He looked up at me, with tears in his eyes, and said, "Thank you."

I leaned over, began to pat his hand and said, "I did not do this for

you.

God is here working through me to give you hope."

I started to cry as I walked away to join my husband and son. When I

sat

down my husband smiled at me and said, "That is why God gave you to me,

Honey, to give me hope."

We held hands for a moment and at that time, we knew that only because

of

the Grace that we had been given were we able to give.

We are not church goers, but we are believers.

That day showed m e the pure Light of God's sweet love.

I returned to college, on the last evening of class, with this story in

hand.

I turned in "my project" and the instructor read it.

Then she loo ked up at me and said, "Can I share this?"

I slowly nodded as she got the attention of the class.

She began to read and that is when I knew that we as human beings and

being part of God share this need to heal people and to be healed.

In my own way I had touched the people at McDonald's, my son, i n

structor, and every soul that shared the classroom on

The last night I spent as a college student.

I graduated with one of the biggest lessons I would ever learn:

UNCONDITIONAL ACCEPTANCE.

Much love and compassion is sent to each and every person who may read

this and learn how to

LOVE PEOPLE AND USE THINGS - NOT LOVE THINGS AND USE PEOPLE.

There is an Angel sent to watch over you.

In order for her to work, you must pass this on to the people you want

watched over.

An A ngel wrote:

please comment and vote*

Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends

will

leave footprints in your heart.

To handle yourself, use your head.

To handle others, use your heart.

God Gives every bird it's food, but He does not throw it into its

nest.

About the Author

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